

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The First of a Series of Talks by the Wives of Statesmen—Three Women Barbers—Analysis of a Beautiful Arm.

## THE DUTIES OF A STATESMAN'S WIFE.

Mrs. Stevenson, the Wife of the Vice-President, Tells How a Woman May Aid Her Husband in Public Life.

One of the best beloved women in all Washington is Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson, wife of the Vice-President and for the third time President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is a notable housekeeper, and in those long ago days when life was young and in worldly wealth they were not so affluent as now Mrs. Stevenson could sew on buttons and when necessary even make the garment for the buttons to be sewn upon.

"What are the duties of the wife of a public man?" I asked her one day recently, after she had shaken hands with several hundred people, and was looking tired enough to drop, but had an evening reception yet to go through with.

"They are manifold," she replied quickly, as she sank wearily into a chair. "I have performed one of them this afternoon," she went on, as she looked down the aisle of palms that line the corridor of the Normandie, where the Vice-President makes his home.

"It is a good deal of a burden and a bore, isn't it?" I said, half jestingly.

"No, indeed!" she responded energetically. "I enjoy these receptions as much as do the people who attend them, and I enjoy best of all shaking the hands of those

## NEW YORK'S FLOWERS.

Figures are sometimes eloquent. As, for instance, when one gathers them with regard to New York's flower supply. In spite of the wealth of blossoms that crowd shop windows and the hands of sidewalk vendors, it gives a faint thrill of surprise to hear that the city receives within the seven months that make up its winter season about fifty million roses, one hundred and fifty million violets, fifteen million carnations, not to mention the loads and loads of other blossoms. A single rose grower sends in above half a million choice blossoms; another man has eleven acres under glass for violets. Flowers are sent here for sale from points several hundred miles away. Altogether the volume of business runs between three and five million dollars a year.

But there is very much more to the trade than the merely commercial side of it. In the matter of orchid growing alone there is a deal of daring exploration. More than one firm of orchidists have expeditions forever afield scouring tropic wilderness and mountain steeps for new species. Often such a party comprises a hundred and fifty people—half a dozen white men, the rest native hunters—whose woodland skill is turned to tracking flowers in place of beasts. Needs must the explorers be men of parts and courage, since, aside from the direction of affairs and the braving of many dangers, they must note, understandingly, every particular of original situation, write it out and attach it to the specimens gathered, in order that the grower may, as far as possible, duplicate such conditions.

Thus it happens that in a great orchid establishment you may step from a house hot and humid as the Amazon valley into one that, though not frigid, has the tempered air of the Columbia mountains. In each you see strangely beautiful blossoms, unlike in everything save their exceeding unlikeness to every other manner of plant. And it gives a new scale of values to see a long, blossomy spray of the most ravishing blue, and be told carelessly that when cut that particular bit of bloom will fetch easily \$50, and further, that the plant itself is ranked at \$500. But that is nothing like so amazing as to have your guide, philosopher and friend stop with bated breath before a slipper-shaped, greenery-yellow flower borne upon knobby stalks, and hear him say that this single specimen is worth \$3,000, because, forsooth, it is a native hybrid that bears no seed, hence cannot be either imitated or duplicated.

Forcing flowers is another most interesting process. Often young apple trees, big, shrubby lilacs and their like are dug from open ground and taken into a warm, dark house, where their flower buds speedily unfold. Then they have a trifle of light and air for hardening, but their blossoms are never durable. Much of the earliest white lilac is the common purple lilac thus brought into flower. Lily of the Valley is always forced in this fashion, with the exception that the plants are imported especially for forcing. It is said that latterly the florists have found a better way in refrigeration—that is, to let the flowers come naturally to the pitch of blossoming—then put them in cold storage, where they may be kept indefinitely, and come out fresh and beautiful after three days in the greenhouse.

## THE ART OF MOURNING.

A Southern woman, who, until recently had never been obliged to "toil or spin," discovered on the death of her father that she would have to find some way of partially supporting herself. There seemed to be nothing that she was really capable of doing, and her friends plied and sympathized, and wondered what was going to become of her. At last she decided to come to New York, and several months after her arrival a lady whom she had known at the South, and who was passing through the city, called upon her.

"Have you found something to do?" asked the friend with interest.

"Oh, yes," was the smiling answer. "I am giving lessons in ceremonial mourning. You know, there are a great many people who are not up in the ways of polite society, but who are always anxious to do the correct thing in regard to all the outward observances. When they come to me I tell them exactly how long they should wear black for this or that relative, where they can with propriety lighten their mourning, how wide the border should be on their cards and stationery, and which invitations they may accept and which they ought to decline. Oh, I assure you I am doing very well, and number among my clients not only a great many women, but a goodly percentage of men as well."

## NOT FULLY EQUIPPED.

A lady who spent last Summer at a New England farm house overheard her hostess sending her little boy to the one store in the village for cod fish. The store was of the inclusive variety sort, and the storekeeper also ran the post office. When the messenger returned, empty handed, the housekeeper exclaimed, indignantly: "Smart postmaster—hain't got no cod fish."

## APPRECIATED AT COURT.

Mrs. Milward Adams, who is holding daily classes in the difficult art of self-expression, is, like the renowned Mrs. Jarley, the "delight of the nobility." A Russian Princess visited America and heard Mrs. Adams lecture. Later, when asked what had impressed her most in this country, she straightway replied: "Mrs. Milward Adams." Last Summer, when Mrs. Adams was in London, this Russian dame—a maid of honor at court—sent for the Chicago woman to come to St. Petersburg, where she was warmly received, and her instruction gratefully approved by court circles. She expects to visit Russia again this Summer.

## THE SIMPLEST METHOD.

The fashionable fad for artistic expression from a spiritual standpoint which soars high above the average comprehension, recalls a suggestive remark of the young, but eminently practical "William Henry," who, when Mrs. Abby Weston Dix gave to the public a good many years ago. The subject of dancing school, which his boyish soul abhorred, was under discussion by his parents. "I told 'em," says the artless youth, "I didn't see any need of learning how to enter a room. I told 'em just walk right in!"

## BEAUTIFUL ARM, TAPERING WRIST.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Instruction on the Subject.

How to Develop the Muscles, Which Are the Plastic Material of Beauty.

A beautiful arm is round, soft, smooth as satin, white as milk, and plump (not fat), tapering gently with a little curve at the wrist that is beyond words fascinating. Skinny, lumpy arms are not beautiful, but the evolution from such a condition to one of adorable and altogether lovely curves is a much easier accomplishment than one would suppose.

First of all, exercise. "Callisthenics" is derived from two Greek words meaning "beautiful" and "strength," and callisthenics we must have as our first step. Dumbbells or Indian clubs, never enough to over-fatigue, walking in the open air, horse-back riding, tennis, any of the ordinary methods of physical culture with a care not to overdo. This will develop the muscles, which are the plastic material of beauty. With the fresh air, those who are too thin should take the diet for increasing flesh which was given recently in the Journal. A month of this treatment will work a marked improvement in the contour of the arm, but the open air exercise should be a part of your daily life at all times if you wish to keep your beauty.

Now for the texture of the skin. When it is coarse and inclined to be rough and even pimply, scrub the arms with a camel's hair large sized brush, as described in the Journal, every night when taking your evening bath just before retiring, and after thoroughly drying your arms apply the following lotion:

## LOTION.

(Glycerin.)

Tincture of benzoin.....1 fluid drachm  
Tincture of tolu.....20 drops

Rose water.....1 pint  
Where the arms are unusually thin it will be well to try massage for them—not too violent, but gentle, deep massage. Let the operator rub the skin food, for which I have previously given formula, well into the skin during the treatment.

In the course of a month the rough skin will have disappeared; you may then use the following lotion to make them white and pretty:

## LOTION FOR WHITENING THE ARMS.

Pure glycerine.....1 ounce

Hydrochloric acid.....1 pint  
Specific grav. 1.16.....1 imperial fluid drachm

Rose water.....2 fluid ounces

Bichloride of mercury (in crystals).....6 grains  
Distilled water.....4 ounces

Alcohol.....2 ounces

Dissolve the bichloride of mercury in the alcohol, then add the other ingredients. Keep in a tightly stoppered bottle, away from the reach of children. This is a well-known pharmaceutical preparation, highly valued, but is intended for external use only.

HARRIETT HUBBARD AYER.

## DELMONICO'S CHEF OFFERS A NEW DISH.

### STUFFED EGGPLANT A LA BERNARDIN.

Cut an egg plant into slices an inch and a quarter thick. From these remove circular pieces or rounds with a pastry cutter an inch and three quarters in diameter; mark them with another cutter an inch and a quarter in diameter, pressing it down and cutting into the plant to two-thirds of its thickness. Fry for a few moments, then remove from the pan, empty out the centres and chop the removed parts with an equal quantity of chicken meat, half the quantity of beef marrow and of bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped parsley, adding one egg yolk for each two rounds of egg plant. Fill the slices with this preparation, heating it up done-form on top. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and grated parmesan, pour melted butter over the whole and cook in a hot oven. Serve.

*Chas. Delmonico*

## FANCIES IN PETS.

There is a Gotham girl who is the owner of a little marmoset, or small monkey, which is of such diminutive proportions that she carries it about in one hand. She is devotedly fond of the queer little thing, whose ugly, black face is a curious contrast to her own fair one.

A woman well known in society has a pet turtle, which is always introduced to callers and generally appears wearing a girlish rose colored ribbon which is tied in a bow on its back.

Another lady, who is constantly on the quiver for something original, has a chameleon which is brought in to entertain her visitors. Not only is this little animal remarkable for the curious way in which it changes color, but it is the only known creature whose eyes move independently of each other.

One young woman who has a tiny dog whose money value is altogether out of proportion to his size has also two indulgent parents, who allow the little thing to be brought in every evening at the end of dinner and placed on the table. Here he wanders about miserably among the ferns and candlesticks, while the entire family devote themselves to watching his progress lest he fall over the edge and come to an untimely end.

Another young girl has a parrot, who does not swear with the customary facility of his kind, but who has a playful but rather startling way of perching on the shoulders of visitors and nipping their ears.

## HE GAVE HER AWAY.

As everybody knows, Richard Wagner, the great composer, married the devoted wife of Hans Von Bulow. The story goes that the latter one day came to Wagner, for whom he had the greatest possible admiration, and said:

"Master, I wish to make you a little present. I have noticed your preference for my wife. Take her; she is yours. I am proud to think that I have something that you will consider worthy of acceptance."

And so a divorce was procured and the marriage took place.

Later, when Von Bulow was in this country, he laughingly said to a well-known woman of this city: "You know, Wagner married my widow."

## ANY OTHER COLOR WOULD DO.

"Mamma, I wish I had a little brother."

"Why, Tommy, would you like to have a little baby in the house like the little Green baby next door?"

"No—but couldn't we have one of another color?"

Caprices in women are the result of a perversion caused by man.

## AN UP TO DATE OLD LADY.

What She Thinks of Great Folks' Doings.

She lives in an old Dutch farmhouse—one of the very oldest on Long Island. It had great store of antiques—silver tankards, brass andirons and old blue china to ravish the collecting heart. There are blue and white tiles, too, brought from Holland around the parlor fireplace, and upon roof and walls the same round-ended shingles that came out of Tulipland two hundred and odd years ago.

But none of these things, nor even the giant box trees as old as the house itself, and beneath which tradition has its Revolutionary treasure buried, are one half so interesting as the mistress of the house, who has not so many wrinkles or gray hairs for all her seventy-eight years. It is not, however, her well preservedness that marks, but her keen touch with modern life. She has kept it through reading the papers—and this albeit she is wife of a market farmer, has brought up a family, and keeps still to the strenuously simple life of an elder time.

But what she does not know of New York's notable people, especially the notable rich, must have forever escaped the most astute-eyed reporter. There was no member of the Four Hundred who read with such avidity as she all the details of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt alliance, or discussed them with more of friendly warmth. "I saw her grandfather, the old Commodore, you-know," she said, nodding her head, "when he ran that boat to Staten Island, and his wife kept tavern there. We ate there once, my husband and I. I wish his children and grandchildren well—they don't seem to have got foolish when they got rich. Why, my neighbor, Mrs. —, has gone to Asheville several Winters—not to town, you know, but a rented place outside. I asked her if she ever saw George Vanderbilt down that way, and what was he like? 'Why,' says she, 'he's my milkman. O, of course he don't drive a route, but he has got a dairy you'd give money to see, there on that big fine place of his. And as to what he's like, my! there ain't a plainer nor a finer young man in all the country—he's just as ready to touch his hat as a pass good-day with you as if he hadn't two shirts to his back.' And that's what I've read always about all the Vanderbilts. I like 'em, just as I like Queen Victoria. We're first of an age, and I've felt always a sympathy for her—bringing up her children and losing her husband like she did. I believe she's a good queen, a good mother and a good woman. But it made me right sick here some years back, the way folks in New York took on over that King Caliker, as they called him. I told my husband I wouldn't shake hands with that Caliker not a bit more than I would with any other nigger. Yet there were folks that had him in their houses, and made grand dinners for him. I read it in all the papers, and it made me mad, if they did call him king."

"I read, too, about Anna Gould—it's my belief she's carried her ducks to a bad market. Now the more I read about her, the more I talk so folks can understand him, not a lot of jibber-jabber."

## DESIGN FOR A SPRING FROCK.



Fresh from Paris, and bringing with it all the daintiness expected of a French creation, comes a charming Spring gown of black and tan novelty cloth. The skirt is slashed on either side of the front, reaching almost from the waist to the hem, and from these slashes peeps forth silk of a rich golden color.

The waist is based on the blouse, and has a square yoke of silk of the same shade as that in the skirt. Two rows of even insertion mark the yoke line, and three points of the same finish the waist front. Pointed pieces of silk, edged with insertion, cap the shoulders and give a peculiarly odd and stylish air to the sleeves, which are on the leg o' mutton order.

## GRAMMARETTES.

Points for Women Wishing to Speak Pure English Vide the Best Authorities.

### Preventative.

Is commonly misused for preventive. There is really no such word as preventative.

### Limb for Leg.

In spite of the ridicule which the squeamishness of persons who insist on using the word limb when they mean leg has drawn upon them, there are many persons to-day who are shocked at the thought of a woman having a leg, particularly if she happen to be an exceptionally modest and charming woman. A limb is anything which is separated from another thing, and yet joined to it. The limbs of the human body are the arms and legs.

### Jewelry.

Is frequently misused for jewels. Jewelry as applied to trinkets and precious stones means properly jewels in general, not any particular jewels. Its use in the latter sense is of very low caste. Think of Cora pointing to the Gracchi and exclaiming, "These are my jewelry."

### Lie.

Is often misused for lay. Many persons will say, "I was laying down for a nap." The difficulty which many persons find in using these words correctly will be removed by remembering that lay means transitive action and lie rest.

## SALE OF VENETIAN LACES.

The Countess di Brazza commences an exhibition and sale of Italian laces in the ball room of the Waldorf on Saturday afternoon. These laces are a modern revival of old Italian laces, such as were exhibited at the World's Fair, an industry that has been fostered by Queen Marguerite. As these laces are not to be procured in any other way, the enterprise is of interest. It is held under the auspices of the Decorative Art Society.

## COULEUR DE ROSE.

There is a story told of an English woman whose husband was in politics, and who was, in consequence, obliged to entertain numerous people in whom she not only felt no possible interest, but many of whom were absolutely distasteful to her. It was exceedingly trying at times, this being forced to welcome unwelcome visitors with a show of cordiality, but a subtle plan of revenge, which would at the same time afford her amusement, finally occurred to her. At the next large dinner that she and her husband gave the room was lighted by little electric lights with colored globes, which were suspended from the ceiling and hung above the table in a big circle. Upon such of the guests as had been the lady's choice a soft, rosy light was cast, making men and women alike appear at their best, while here and there ghastly green rays fell upon some unfortunate constituent of her husband, who was too much impressed by the magnificence of the feast to have any thought for his or her appearance.

## SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

Snede belts one inch in width, with open-work silver buckles, promise to be popular with swell gowns.

Vinagrettes are extensively jewelled. Some few show diamonds, but the topaz and amethyst are in greater demand.

Small gold purses, with gate clasps, are carried for small change. They are soft and pliable in the extreme, but said to be strong as well.

Gold eyeglass hooks, both plain and set with gems, are popular among near-sighted folk.

A young girl who has recently become engaged has what she calls a "matrimonial trunk." Into this she puts everything that is given to her or that she buys for house-keeping purposes.

## THE THREE BROOKLYN WOMEN BARBERS.

When three women barbers set up their pole on the Brooklyn side of the Bridge there was a good deal of fluttering in the neighboring dove cotes. There was not a wife in the street who could not picture the helplessness of a man swathed in a linen sheet and his face lathered so he could not escape.

But the quiet, unobtrusive, business-like ways of Brooklyn's women barbers have

made them a place, and the shop is now on the high road to prosperity.

It has been interesting to their customers to see how women bring their own feminine touches into their work and surroundings. The glass door is covered with fresh muslin curtains, and the windows are half veiled in Mikado yellow silk curtains. A tidy boy is on hand to relieve the customers of hat and coat. But what is most impressive to the man is the housewifely

discreet that this is really business.

"Sit just a bit higher," says the barber, and she tucks a towel under the chin in a manner altogether professional, while the man in a pleased sort of way recalls his kilt and first hair cut.

"Yes, we are doing very well," said Mrs. Alice Howard, the proprietor, when asked about business. "We are the only women barbers in Brooklyn. We have not yet been asked to join any union, so I fancy

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## NO TIME TO TIE SHOES.

At one of the large thread factories where some hundreds of girls are employed, a rule has been made that they shall wear only buttoned shoes. It was found that those who wore the other sort stopped their work a number of times each day to tie the laces that constantly came undone. In the case of one girl the minutes lost would not have been of any great consequence, but when it came to doling out the same "time" of time for each of the two or three hundred, it was found that the daily loss was considerable.

## APPROACHING EXHIBITIONS.

The spring exhibition at the National Academy of Design will be opened on the 30th of March.

The eighteenth annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened to the public on Saturday, March 28.

## MRS. OLNEY'S SPECIAL DELIVERY.

The latest device for improving our boasted postal service comes from Mrs. Olney, wife of the Secretary of State. A lack of promptness in the delivery of foreign letters has caused her much annoyance, but by a happy device all mail is now delivered in time for a reply by steamer of the same day, if need be. Mrs. Olney went to headquarters and there discovered that a special delivery stamp, if not cancelled abroad, would insure the desired result. She therefore sent a quantity to her daughter in Germany, who in turn placed one on the next letter with written instructions that it was not to be cancelled there. In due time the steamer arrived and the special letter was received several hours ahead of the usual time.

Little Mary—"Oh, I do hope they won't have war in Vincennes!"

Mamma—"Why, my dear?"

Little Mary—"Because it will make so much more history for us to learn."